

# The River Barrow.

LEATHERUM LANKUM,

The Pearl of the Irish Nation.

Murueen na Gruega Bawne.

The Mad Family.



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## A new SONG in praise of the River Barabow:

YOU lads and lasses I pray attend,  
 And draw near awhile until I relate,  
 It is concerning a lovely river,  
 Whose worthy praises I will relate,  
 Where the pink and violet are gently blowing,  
 The Duck and Mallard in flocks do go,  
 The kid and lambs on the plains are sporting,  
 Down by the banks of the sweet Barrow.

Near to this river lies my habitation,  
 Where I'm convenient to each pretty lass,  
 As they are dancing of a summers evening,  
 Near to a place call'd the Old Pass,  
 Where the pretty fishes are nimbly sporting,  
 The silver streams they do gently flow,  
 From that sweet brook to the chrystal fountain,  
 Down by the banks of the sweet Barrow.

This little village is well situated,  
 Upon a bank with a view of the sea,  
 Where you may observe the waves a rolling,  
 And ships a sailing in the month of May,  
 When I think on it my heart's a breaking,  
 For the many pleasures I have seen there,  
 With my sweet charmer and foul's alarmer,  
 Closed in her arms I have often been,

Where the lads and lasses of a summer's evening  
 Hand in hand they together walk,  
 With sweet amusement and conversation,  
 So lovingly they do kiss and task,  
 In the pleasant parks of sweet Munster-even,  
 The gayest lasses I ever saw,  
 How they would kiss and please their lovers,  
 Down by the banks of sweet Barrow,  
 And the sweet tongue of Homer,  
 Praises I would relate,  
 My mind upon this fair one,  
 Present will I relate,

Her killing glances my heart enchanted,  
No ease nor comfort can I find,  
She's the darling maid that has my heart betray'd  
So farewell jewel since you prove unkind,

So like a pilgrim I now will mourn,  
Since she is gone whom I adore,  
Since she is false I will be constant,  
And for her sake I will range the shore,  
My head is creasy my mind uneasy,  
No ease nor comfort can I find,  
She's the darling maid that has my heart betray'd,  
I can love no more since you prove unkind.

### MURNEEN NA GRUAGA BAWN

DOWN by a river side there dwells a comely  
bride,  
No beauty can excel this damsel,  
The beams sprung from her eyes would dazzle  
your sight,  
Like Phœbus of a summer's morning.

Her snowy milk white breast rising from her  
chest,  
Her ruby lips they are so charming,  
The blackbird and the thrush in concert on each  
bush,  
As she roves along the groves and gardens,  
I think the day too long that I cannot march  
on,  
Or pay a visit to my darling,  
To take her by the hand, and have her at com-  
mand,  
Or joined by the holy order:  
She's fairer than the swan, she's milder than  
the lamb,  
She's beautiful discreet and charming.

If she went to Rotterdam I'd follow by land  
Shee Murneen na gruaga bawne,

Woe to you Martin Roe I never thought you  
So stubborn or illnatured,  
But you'd come and visit me in sweet unity,  
As I was your lovely creature,

But young men now I find, differ in their mind,  
And often times prove deceitful,  
For the sake of geer he's left me in despair,  
No other shall ever seize me.

On a morning clear this virgin did appear,  
Phebus first adoring,  
Numbers of young men she has left in pain,  
No Doctor can here recall them,  
Her eyes as black as sloes her cheeks are like  
the rose,

She's all divine and charming,  
Thro the nations round her praise I'll sound,  
Shee Murneen na Gruage Bawne.

In Ballinahinch there lives a maid of great sur-  
prise,

The sun seems dark around her,  
If my share I would set right I'd have her for my  
bride,

To comfort me both night and morning,  
The honey drops like dew on the mountain she  
goes thro'

All in the month of June or August,  
No persuasions now will do to part me from my  
Jewel,

Shee Murneen na gruaga bawn.

This maid she has got free of all injury,  
Tho' closely she has been surround'd,  
All her friends I know would prove her overthrow  
And laid in sore against her,

Her comely pretty face bespangled her with  
grace.

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To the hills and vallys I often reveal,  
And breath forth my lamentation,  
Which I endure for that virgin pure,  
The Pearl of the Irish Nation.  
Her beauty so bright that dazzl'd my sight  
Alas ! my heart is wounded,  
No way I find for ease my mind,  
By Cupid I'm surrounded,  
Great, is the pain which I do sustain,  
Sad is my grief and vexation,  
And all for the sake of a beautiful maid,  
The pearl of the Irish Nation.  
Tho' many there be which daily I see,  
Of beautiful charming creatures,  
With red rosy cheeks and ruby lips,  
And likewise comely features:  
Yet there is none abroad or at home,  
In country town or plantation,  
That can compare with the maiden fair,  
The pearl of the Irish Nation.  
No way I find for to ease my mind,  
But spend my time in weeping ;  
I sigh, I groan; I sob and moan  
While others lie by sleeping,  
In some place I'll go for a space,  
There I'll make my habitation,  
Since I cannot gain the beautiful Dame,  
The pearl of the Irish Nation.  
I know there is some think that I mourn,  
And make my moan for the lilly,  
Perhaps it's so, but the cause of my woe,  
Is for the rose that in the valley grows'

She's rare to be seen like Venus the queen  
 For modesty virtue and patience.  
 My heart is link'd to that beautiful pink  
 The Pearl of the Irish Nation.  
 Alas ! there is none can ease my moan,  
 But only that charming creature  
 Her cheeks like the rose that sweetly grow  
 Near by the banks of cedar,  
 Her name to declare I do forbear,  
 Tho' my heart is filled with vexation,  
 Tho' ye may suppose she's called the rose,  
 The Pearl of the Irish Nation  
 Those lines I intend for to have pen'd,  
 And sent to my dearest jewel,  
 To let her know a part of my woe ;  
 And if she chance to prove cruel,  
 Like a pilgrim I'll go thro' frost and snow,  
 I'll forgoe my former station,  
 Since I cannot gain that beautiful dame,  
 The pearl of the Irish Nation,  
 I'll travel to Spain, from thence to Lorrain  
 I'll oft times cross the wide ocean,  
 Since sorrow and pain thro' her disdain,  
 Happens to be my portion ;  
 I wander my way thro' a melancholy bay  
 And loaded with grief I can find no relief  
 Yet all his I'll bear for that Virgin so fair  
 The Pearl of the Irish Nation.

F I N I S.

